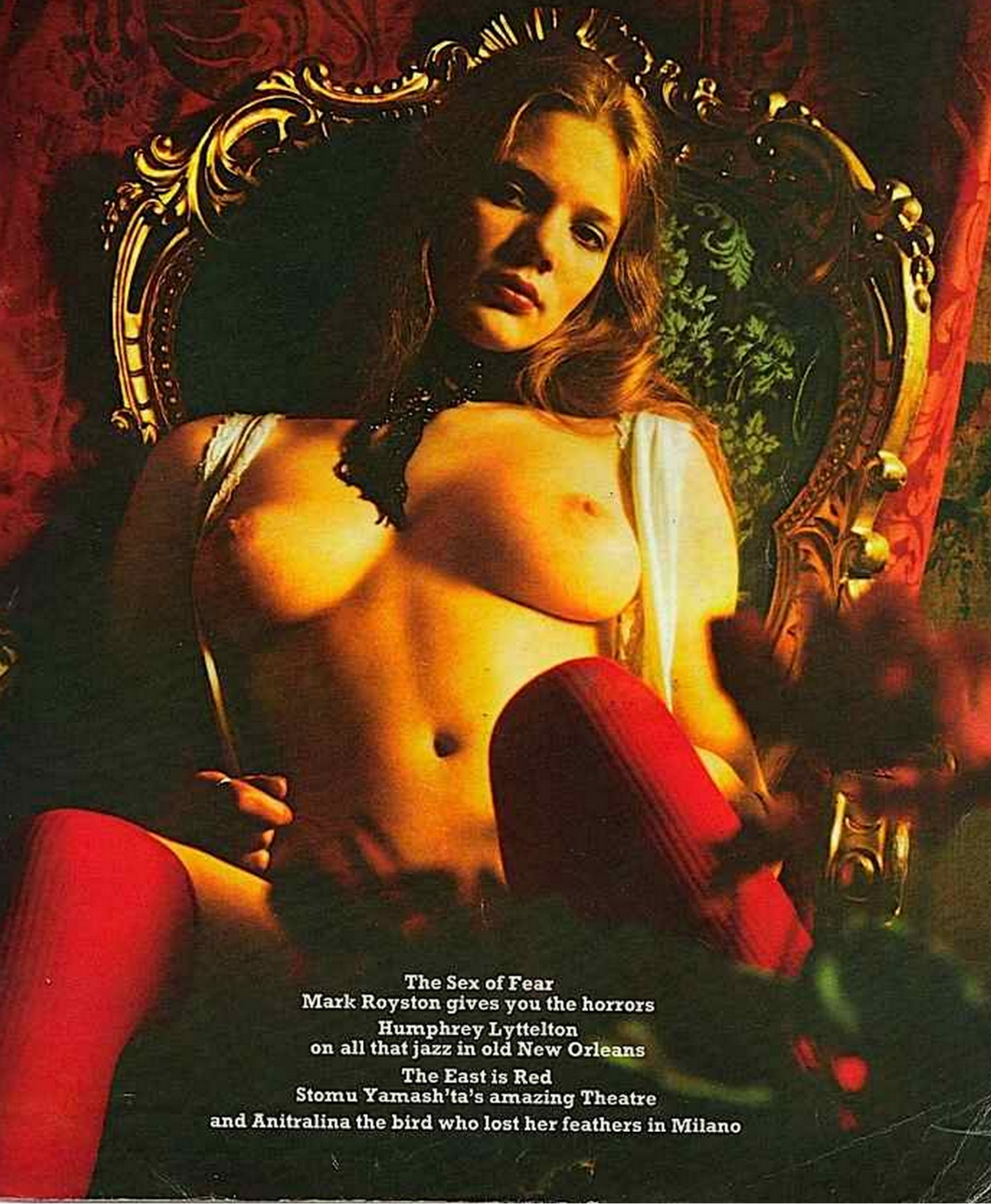
PAUL RAYMOND'S

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

35

VOLUME TWO · NUMBER SIX · FORTY PENCE · NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE



The Sex of Fear
Mark Royston gives you the horrors

Humphrey Lyttelton
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The East is Red
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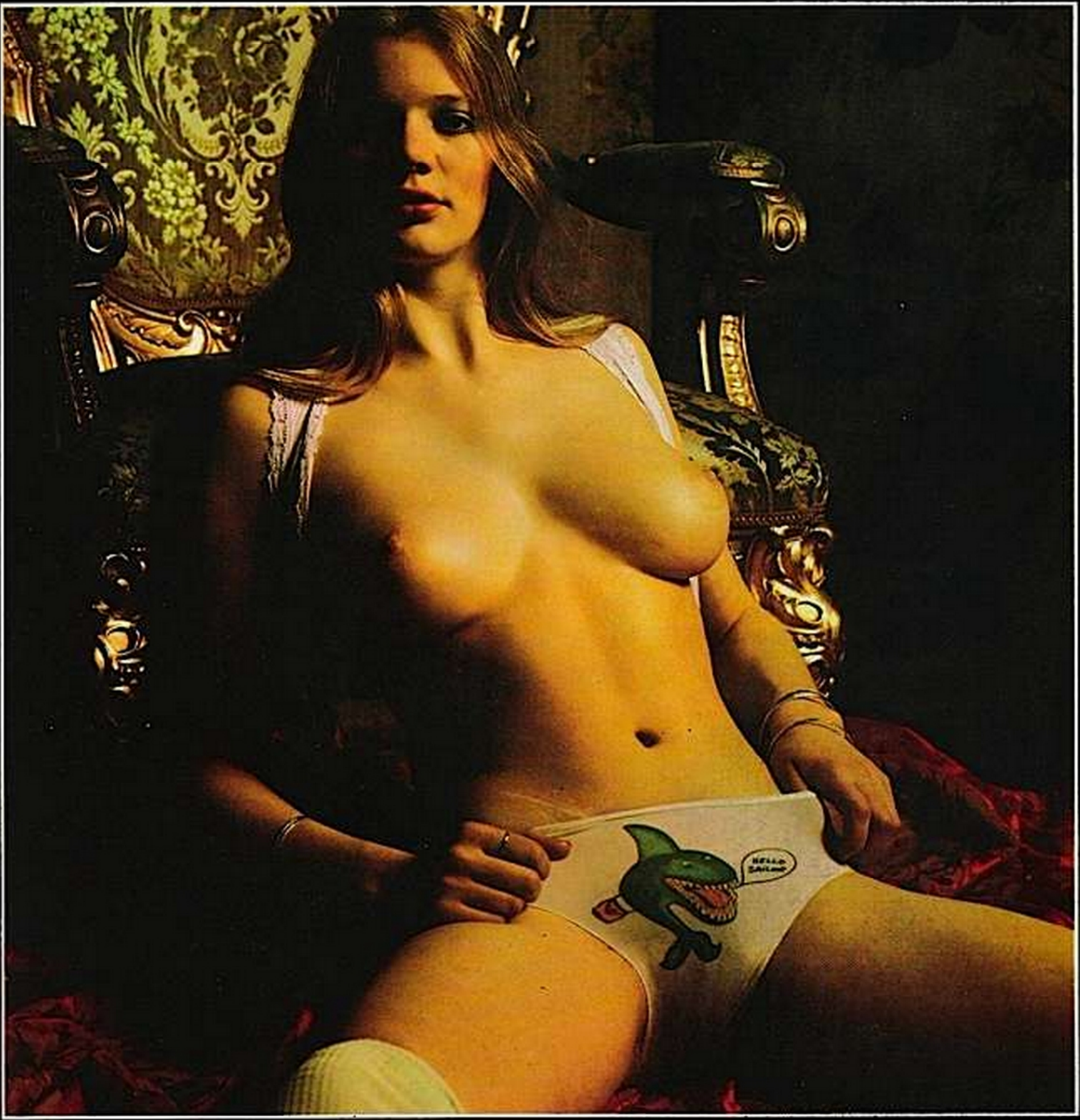


Anitralina the bird who lost her feathers in Milano

Photographed by Amnon Bar-Tur

Parliamo Italiano? No? Buono, then I'll begin. You are about to feast your eyes upon the complete and, some would say, the most unexpurgated history of Milan. Or, like they say in wop waters, "Ice a down for a full 'ouse!"

The Rise. As you all know the city of Milan was founded by the wandering heretic mendicant monk, St. Coca of Cola, in the black year of 1948. Wandering mendicantly across the bleak and desolate plains of Northern Lombardy, he arrived at a bleak and desolate place. Surveying the pitiless, unyielding land he took hold of His sack-cloth and rent it from His ascetic body. (He'd paid three lire – which was about average for renting sackcloth suits in those dark pre-war years!) crying aloud to the heavens as He did, "Ouch . . . here's as bleak and depressing place for a city as I'm ever likely to find (He was a masochist). I'll build one!"

Build He did. For six days He laboured (trade unionist He wasn't) and on the seventh, His work done, He sat down upon the newly completed Stazione Centrale and fell into an alcoholic muse as to what He should call His city.

"Oibo!" he shrieked. "E Oibo ancora, it shall be called Milano, from a corruption of the Latin *Melancholio*, meaning *black bile*, for a shittier place shall not be known to beast nor man!"

The Risen. Two years later, in 1946, the venereal St. died, like all holy men, from a particularly virulent form of religious persecution. With His last agonised breath He was able to gasp out the holy command "Bevete Coca Cola!" as they nailed Him to a tree. These words now form the customary Milanese greeting, leading awesome majesty to the incantation, "Pasta et Fillitup, Bevete Coca Cola!"

The Fall. With the death of their founder St. the Milanese emerged from their winter of discotheque and enjoyed a spring of wild, sensual abandon. Orgy followed orgy, rape followed rape, and the great Duomo of St. Coke echoed with shrill exhortations to bevete and mangiare. Suffice it to say that spaghetti was eaten at every meal.

Why the Pope didn't have a ball. Two hundred kilometres to the south the lights were burning late in the Vatican. Cardinal Varicosio paced its marbled halls, his mind in ferment. His problem was not so much how he could stop the Sodom and Gomorrah that Milano had become, but rather how he could get there incognito and have some of the fun. Wearily he took off his thinking mitre and sighed, "O noctes cenaeque deum", which, roughly translated, means that Cardinals can't have their capes and eat them. Reluctantly he ordered a grand inquisitor to Milano, commanding him that if he did burn a heretic or two that he was to be sure to film it. "I do love a good outdoor barbecue!" gloated the epicurean Cardinal.

Not that this has got anything to do with Anitralina. What happened in the future I mean. It does, however, give you the rare chance to see a unique human phenomenon: a well

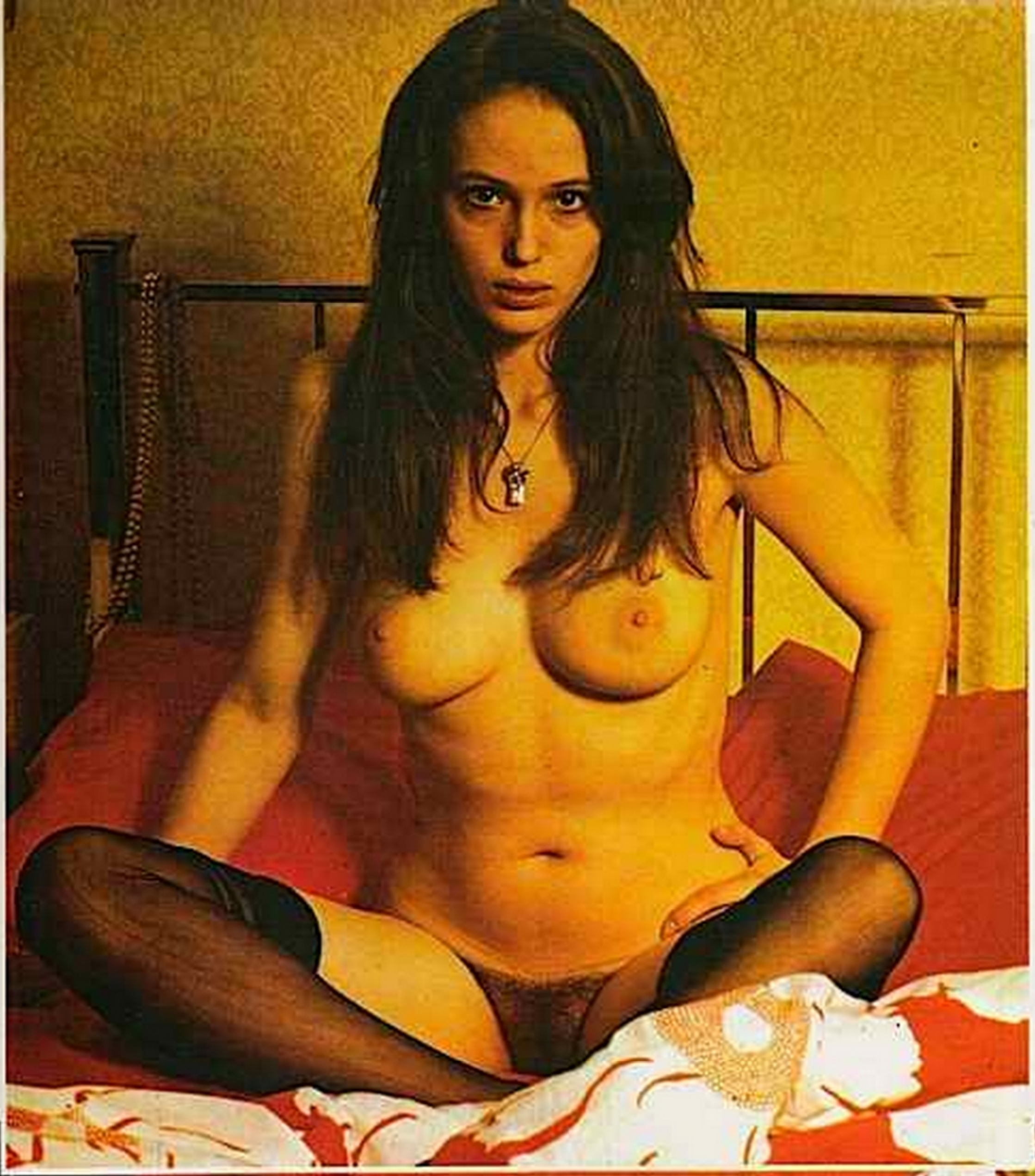
ing, "Una freddo Pepsi, per piacere!" n Milano. For those of us fortunate enough to know what living in 1929 is all about it can come as a shock to see the reality of 1948 austerity. The Brylcreemed hair of bar-tending Jesuits beating up drunks is certainly shocking; the platinum undulating waves of the Dior dressed nuns is even more outrageous; whilst the Archbishop of Milano, and his Hells Angel acolytes beating the daylights out of old war-widows can spoil the holiday for the hardest of hearts.

The Italian State Tourist Agency is understandably reluctant to talk about the anachronism of Milano; all that their spokesman would say, apologetically, was, "We have tried to modernise the city, bring it in line with the nineteen-twenties, but there's a current of underground resistance which makes this all but impossible."

Which makes Anitralina all the more remarkable. She arrived in London in two months time, wearing an extremely archaic Christian Dior New Look suit circa 1948. Her boyfriend, Piero, had, that week, been called up by the military to volunteer for service in the 1945-39 war. It seemed stupid trying to convince Anitralina that the war had been over since 1939, and that already Europe was preparing for the treaty of Versailles before launching the 1918-14 war. She just laughed. Backwards.

The trouble with making love to a Milanese girl is that, because both of you are moving in opposite directions at the same time, you don't know whether you're coming or going. The Milanese always come before they go. This idiosyncracy can be upsetting, unless you happen to be Chinese or Jewish and naturally do things right to left. Let's hope that by the time we reach the end of the century, which should occur sometime around midnight 1900, this little geophysical problem will have sorted itself out.

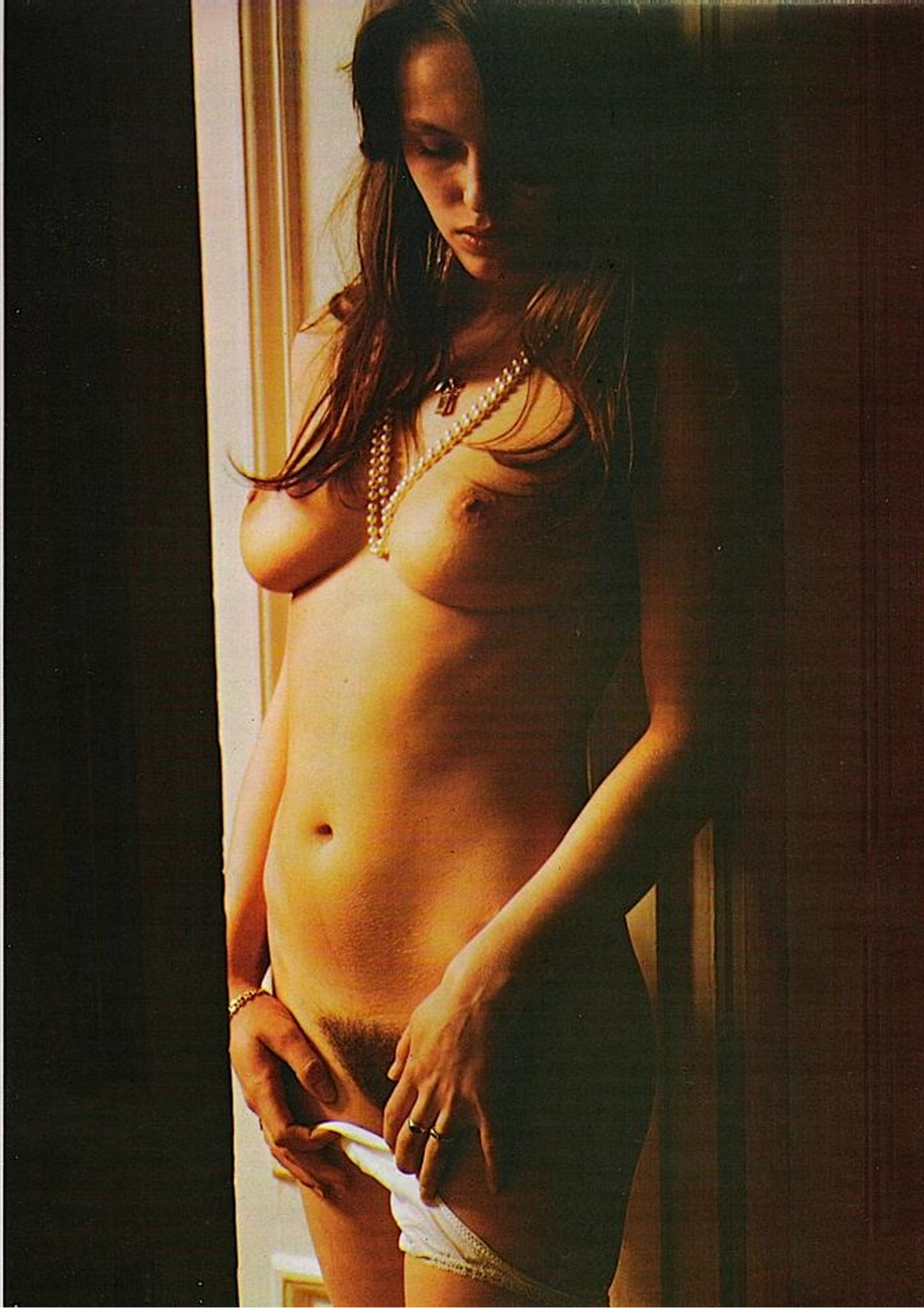
Anyway you've been warned – keep away from Milano. It's going the wrong way■



LOVELACE, Gloria. Born 26th June 1948, Little Quimsbottom, Rutland. Real name Edna Mavis Cohesion. 5 ft. 3 in. in her stockinged knees; raven hair on Mon., Tue., and Wed.; blonde Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Hobbies include going to the launderette every Sun. for a wash and a quick spin in the dryer; watching the back of her television set during the 9.00 pm. news to see just *what* goes on behind the scenes when Richard Baker and Robert Dougall have finished reading the boring football bit and are just about to start the crossword; catching deadly black mambas in Kenya and letting them free in her local Co-op to liven up boring peak shopping periods; not going on holiday with the author of this biography who happens to know a nice, secluded little hotel in Provence, where the Pâtron has a way with jugged hare that would turn the Caprice's Chef de Cuisine greengage with envy and, what's more, doesn't ask any silly questions. Still c'est la vie et toujours triste, je suis *toujours* triste. Other activities include: going out to dinner with Antonio Vivaldi at 'Inigo Jones' — the lucky devil! (*Antonio Vivaldi*, born 1675, Venice, and still going strong!); getting up at some god-awful hour in the morning to go swimming in order to keep herself as fit as she is beautiful; scrambling eggs. *Forthcoming pictures include* Page Thirty-Five, Page Thirty-Six, and Page Thirty-Seven, a trilogy directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini and concerned with the political responsibilities of a photographic model standing completely motionless for about 125th of a second, 250th of a second, and finally 500th of a second at full exposure.

Dear Sir, I would like your readers to know, not to mention my girlfriend, that I am not *the* Antonio Vivaldi mentioned above.

—A. Vivaldi, Venice P1973

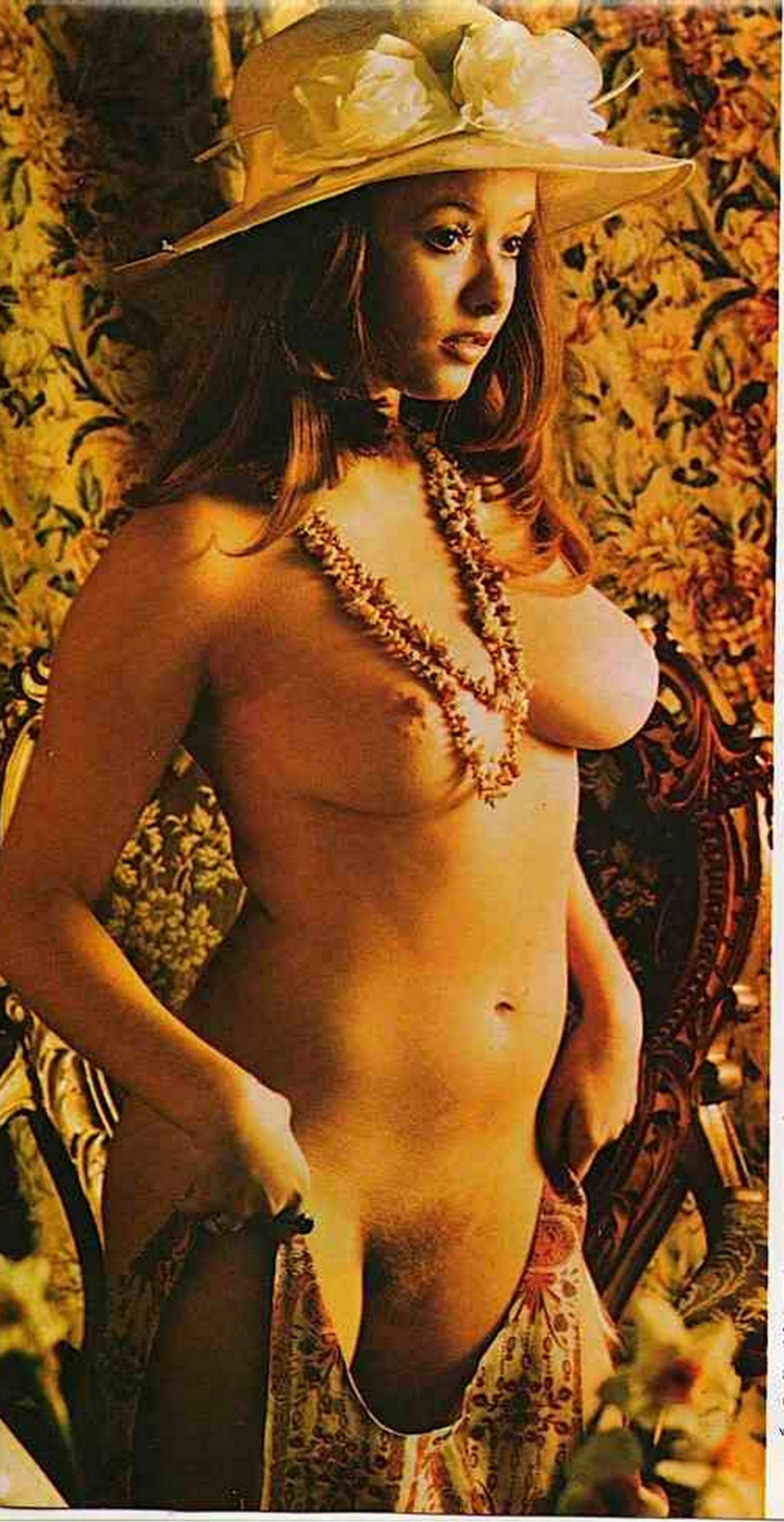


So, we'll go no more a riding
  So late into the night,
For the K.G.B. are hiding,
  And we'll end up in the shite.

Algonquin N. Byron
19th Century Poet and potential Greek Hero.

I Wonder Who's Kissinger Now?

Photographed by Amnon Bar-Tur



"Comrade Party Member Mysliviczek, I have just received orders from Praha * ordering me to order you to strip off for a bit of capitalist type decadent propaganda, so get out of that Mark 7 Nevsky Prospect Ground-to-Air missile – it doesn't suit you anyway – and let it all hang out, baby!" It is not generally known in the West, except perhaps among certain diplomatic circles, that were it not for the fact of Czechoslovakia between them, Hungary and Poland would almost certainly collide. That's an 'in' joke, if you get my meaning. You don't.

"Comrade Party Member Mysliviczek, I have been instructed to instruct you in the degenerate art of showing the goods, baby, so let's not have any of that Western type crap about your mother not liking it, it was *her* who gave the orders!"

"It's not that, Comrade Party Photographer Bar-Turvski, it's just that I'm worried about what my boyfriend will say!"

"Comrade Party Member Mysliviczek, your boyfriend will say 'guilty' if he's a true patriot, and take his ninety years in Siberia like a man!"

"Oh . . . it makes me see red!"

"That's a girl, baby, now cool it man while I read the instructions, 'Chapter One: How To Take A Bit Of Capitalist Type Decadent Propaganda For Use In Decadent Capitalist Type Girlie Magazines.' Ah here we are, 'First take off clothes!'"

"Comrade Party Photographer Bar-Turvski, I think it means I have to take *my* clothes off!"

"Good idea, Comrade Party Member Mysliviczek, you take your clothes off too!"

For *Club International* readers who have just joined us the scene is Praha *, to be exact it's Comrade Party Photographer Bar-Turvski's photographic studio in the hop room of the Pilsen Bier brewery, Praha *. You will excuse me if I just see exactly how many barbiturates there are in the bottle . . . 88, 89 . . . good.

As I was saying.

In case any *Club International* reader should wonder what I'm doing in Praha * I'd better explain from the beginning, and then, when we were absolutely shagged out, I said, 'what about doing some dirty pictures?' She agreed, well she wasn't earning much as a scaffolding erector, and here we are: in Praha *. Letting it all hang out, baby. Just a moment, I can't remember whether it was a hundred and ninety, or a hundred and eighty-five. Have to be sure, don't you know?

A hundred and ninety-five. Well, I'll be damned!

Yes, well you shouldn't believe everything you read about life behind the iron curtain. It's politic for greasy politicians in the west to cock their snooks over the garden wall at the socialist republics. Well you can't blame them. Most of them have their hands in the till, so they've got to distract public scrutiny a bit. 'Ooooh!', I bet you're saying, 'how could he, with that nice Mr. (take out Kissinger's name–Ed.) rushing around the world making friends with everyone!' I bet you think I'm a real Marxist. Go on. I bet you do. Just a *little* bit. Well I'd like to know whether this so called Henry (take out Kissinger's name for Christ's sake-Ed.) Christ is a man or a Maoist.

Look at the pictures a mo while I grind the pills down a bit.

Thanks. Yes it *is* a nice horsey, and no, you can't fondle its fetlocks.

Excuse me again while I add some water.

Funny the way phenobarbitone doesn't mix very well with water. Can't understand it. I'll have to sleep on it. Sorry, I'm a terrible host – I know it's absolutely awful of me to bore you with my holiday snaps, but did you notice the one where I'm talking to the frontier guard? Did you notice the bulge in my trousers? The *big* one – not the little one on the left – dead clever ruse that was! Guess what the bulge is. Go on, have a go, I bet you can't guess. No, you're *wrong!* The frontier guard thought it was too because I kissed him. Cheeky, what? In fact it was ten rolls of Kodachrome. You'd *never* have guessed, would you? Well it's so *terrible* getting porn out of Czechoslovakia. I just sellotaped the rolls together and wore blue eye-shadow. You can see it – right there, in the one where the frontier guard's got his hand on my rolls. He was sweet.

Eurggghhhk! Awful taste, still – cheers, bottoms up! I only drink it for medicinal purposes you understand. Well, there aren't that many choices open nowadays, are there, what with North Sea gas and electric razors.

"Comrade Party Member Mysliviczek, it says here in the instructions, 'The Dedicated Party Member Does Not Refuse To Open Her Legs When Engaged In The Military Activity Of Posing For Decadent Capitalist Porno Pictures!'"

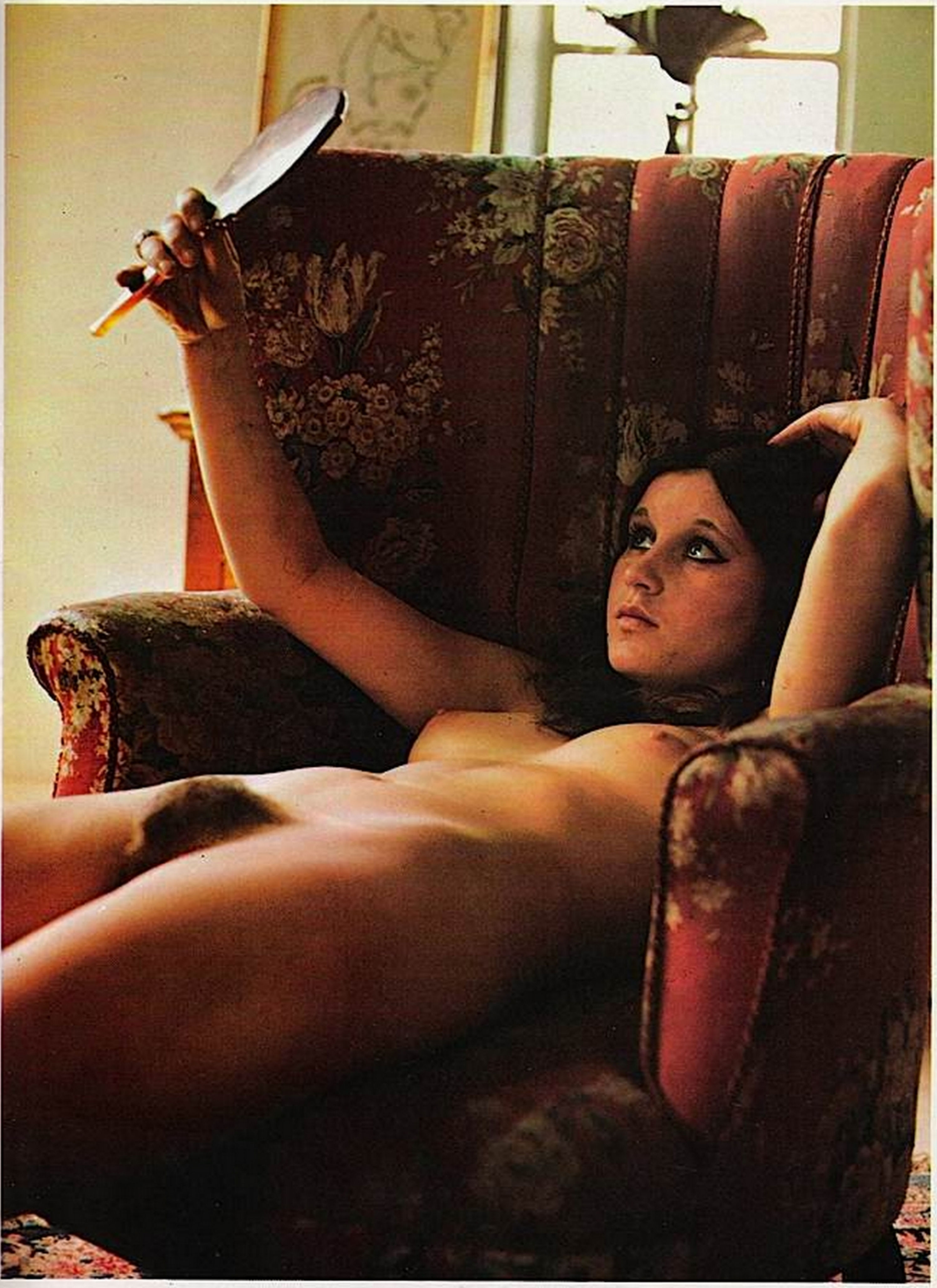
"Well Comrade Party Photographer Bar-Turvski, can I keep *one* leg closed?"

"Certainly not, Comrade Party Member Mysliviczek, it says, 'Legs Should Be Open At All Times,' so let it all hang out, baby!"

Take another look at the snaps while I write a little note:

'I would like my snaps of Josepha Mysliviczek to be parcelled up and sent (under a plain sealed wrapper) to some politically active magazine like the New Statesman, or The Economist, so that they can see where communism leads. Finally, my last wish is that Mr. Nixon's right-hand man should stop gallivanting around the world and marry my Josepha. Ah, Josepha liebchen, es tut mir leid. I wonder who's Kissinger now!'

*Praha – Czechoslovakian for Prague



HATE

My lute awake performe the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste:
  And end that I have now begonne:
And when this song is sung and past:
  My lute be styll for I have done.

As to be heard where eare is none:
As lead to grave in marble stone:
  My song may pearse her hart as sone.
Should we then sigh ? or singe, or mone ?
  No, no, my lute for I have done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
  As she my sute and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
  Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple hartes through loves shot:
  By whom unkinde thou hast them wonne,
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
  Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but game on earnest payne.
  Thinke not alone under the sunne
Unquit to cause thy lovers plaine:
  Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nightes that are so colde,
  Playning in vaine unto the mone:
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde.
  Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
  To cause thy lovers sigh and swowne.
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
  And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
  And ended is that we begonne.
Now is this song both sung and past,
  My lute be still for I have done.

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542)